As Grauities reuolt to wantons be.
Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not ſo ſtrong a note,
As fool'ry in the wiſe, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in ſimplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

Qu. Heere comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.
Boy. O I am ſtab'd with laughter, Wher's her grace?
Qu. Thy newes *Boyet*?
Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.
Arme Wenches, arme, incounters mounted are
Againſt your peace, Loue doth approach, diſguis'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be ſurpriz'd.
Muſter your Wits, ſtand in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.
Qu. Saint *Dennis* to S. *Cupid*: What are they
That charge their breath againſt vs? Say ſcout ſay.
Boy. Vnder the coole ſhade of a Siccamore,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd reſt,
Toward that ſhade I might behold addreſt
The King and his ompanions: warely
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer-heard, what you ſhall ouer-heare:
That by and by diſguis'd they will be heere.
Their Herald is a prettie knauiſh Page:
That well by heart hath con'd his Embaſſage,
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus muſt thou ſpeake, and thus thy body beare.
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence Maieſticall would put him out:
For quoth the King, an Angell ſhalt thou ſee:
Yet feare not thou, but ſpeake audaciouſly.
The Boy reply'd, an Angell is not euill:
I ſhould haue fear'd her, had ſhee beene a deuill.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the ſhoulder.
Making the bold wagg by their prayſes bolder.
One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and ſwore,

A better ſpeech
Another with hi
Cry'd *via*, we w
The third he cap
The fourth turn
With that they a
With ſuch a zeal
That in this ſple
To checke their
Quee. But wh
Boy. They do
Like *Muſcouite*
Their purpoſe i
And euery one h
Vnto his ſeuerall
By fauors ſeuera
Queen. And
For Ladies; we w
And not a man
Deſpight of ſute
Hold *Roſaline*,
And then the Ki
Hold, take thou
So ſhall *Berowne*
And change you
Woo contrary,
Roſa. Come
Kath. But in
Queene. The
They doe it but
And mocke for
Their ſeuerall co
To Loues miſtoo
Vpon the next o
With Viſages di
Roſa. But ſha
Queen. No,
Nor to their pen
But while 'tis ſp

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 THE BODLEIAN LIB